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The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXXII AUGUST 1961 No. 8

THE LEADER OF TOMORROW

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH of October 1934. Some of the references to particular countries and political situations are naturally no longer valid; but our tomorrow still needs the leader of wise self-discipline.—ED.]

WORLD CONDITIONS today are topsy-turvy: The State should exist for the well-being of the citizen but it enchains him. Nationalism, which should provide a basis of education and broaden men's sympathies for and appreciation of his fellowmen abroad, erects boundaries, physical, economic and psychological, which produce greed, jealousy, hatred and war. The doctor who heals the body earns more than the teacher who educates the mind; but while the nature and habit of the mind are at least considered, the very existence of the Soul is ignored.

It is taken for granted that politico-economic problems are fundamental and causal, and therefore it is believed that human difficulties can be overcome and social diseases can be cured by legislation. "Practical" people do not realize that food, clothes, houses, etc., are not fundamental but secondary; are not in themselves the cause of human happiness and progress, but really effects of the unfoldment of soul-peace and expression of culture. Who dares to preach today, "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you"? Asia, hypnotized and glamoured by the Occident, copies it, boldly and on a grand scale as Japan does, or as India, sheepishly but resentfully accepting her Westernization as if there were no way out.

Politics, economics and sociology represent realities of life, though in modern times they have been valued at too high a premium. The monks of Christendom and the faquirs of Asia, however, undervalue

these realities — often they think them to be unreal and therefore valueless. Great Souls like Buddha and Plato or Tsongkhapa and Marcus Aurelius were truly spiritual, for they possessed the primary yogic virtues of Viveka-discrimination and of Vairagya-detachment. Because they were Vairagis, souls who had freed their minds from the lure of desires and passions, they were able to evaluate correctly the things of this world. Events and objects of the material universe to them were concrete idols of ideal images. The material world, the historical events, were neither soulless shadows nor mere objective manifestations. The physical cosmos was valued as a reflection of the spiritual. Material objects were projections of spiritual ideas. Nations and races, states and kingdoms, were verities because of the spiritual reality within and behind them.

This view formed the very basis of the great philosophies of China, India and Greece — themselves but systems of thought rooted in what must have been once the universal Wisdom-Religion of the civilized world of the ancients. The restoration of this view would produce a mental revolution of the first magnitude. Materialism in science has received its deathblow, but materialism in philosophy is not an uncommon manifestation. Spiritual idealism is not yet clearly defined for practical application. Desire for religion — some kind of rational religion — is gathering force, which means desire for an idealistic philosophy which must give a new value since those given by organized religions have proven false or been found wanting. Who can produce this revolution save intellectuals who are also idealists?

We are not among those who see as imminent the collapse of Western civilization in the sense that savagery will follow the dark age which seems to be fast descending upon Europe. The decay and disintegration of civilizations take time, just as do their rise and growth. But the West is facing today a cataclysm due to persistence in old policies and programmes. These are now being abandoned; their substitutes are in the melting-pot; liberalism in politics is almost drowned in the ocean of violence; and racial pride and national greed and class claims have produced autocracies. For all that, the still small voice of Spirit has not ceased its immortal action. The future is with the Idealist. He who ideates, creates. Ratiocination picks out the flaws, a very necessary task, and there is a marked manifestation of that faculty in these days. In a variety of ways people are taught how their civilization of machine-made plenty is breaking down. But not many are the creators and constructors of pattern for the new order.

The most important movement of the day for social reconstruction and the saving of civilization is that of education of the adult masses. Reformation of the schools of today will not much avail, because the dangers threatening civilization are imminent. The radio, the cinema and the press are among the most important engines for the furthering of adult education, but these are run by the power of materialism. These wonderful engines are put to ignoble uses. M. Edouard Herriot, former Prime Minister of France, whose work for many years as the Mayor of Lyons is well known, wrote about them thus:—

> The news that is given to the public is itself coloured and doctored. How many Frenchmen are there today who have any accurate knowledge of the essential elements in what has been called "the Roosevelt experiment"? It is a sad thing to note that the powerful instruments that have been devised by science for the dissemination of knowledge have at times tended to serve and strengthen falsehood rather than truth.

Most poets, philosophers and art teachers are dependent upon these engines and often fall under their, at present, baneful influence.

The new teacher of the adult masses must ensoul himself with the pure spirit of idealism. Unless a sufficient number do that, the future of civilization will continue to be in danger.

Because of the general belief that adjustment from outside is the remedy, the real task of changing oneself within is grossly neglected. People shirk their own individual responsibility to life, to the state, to humanity, looking to governmental and other agencies to do something.

The Roman Church, typical of the embodiment of religious cunning and fanaticism, the Russian Soviets as representative of the reign of matter and machines, the Italian and German dictatorships, each standing for selfish nationalism and blatant race-pride, and other such agencies — all enslave the mind, corrupt the heart and kill the soul of man. Therefore this era needs a few practical philosophers who will courageously strike at the root vice of competition in every department; for this they need to break their own fetters — personal ambition, class prejudice, nationalistic patriotism and racial pride; purifying their own lives they must act as priests of the Religion of Universal Brotherhood — instructors and friends of people the world over.

But they themselves will need models and patterns after which they may shape themselves. Archetypal Leaders called in the East Dhyani Buddhas are taken as models and patterns by Manushya or Human Buddhas; every Bodhisattva in endeavouring to become a Buddha, it is said, copies the ensample of a previous Buddha. Our new leaders

cannot but fail if by groping in the dark they hope to muddle through into the light. They have to assimilate and embody wisdom and virtue, and one necessary way to self-training is contemplation on Ideal Leaders, Archetypal Leaders and their Ideal and Archetypal Knowledge. In the annals of humanity such Leaders shine like stars of the first magnitude in the firmament. Such leaders were Krishna, the Spiritual Director; Rama, the Ideal King; Gotama, the Supreme Teacher; Confucius, the Inspired Codifier; Jesus, the Virile Reformer. In the words and examples of such Men the leader of tomorrow must seek guidance and nourishment.

THE GREATEST of the Ancients inculcated by both symbols and books the absolute necessity for the acquirement of philosophical knowledge, inasmuch as strength or special faculties are useless without it. Those Greeks and others who recorded some of the wisdom of the elder Egyptians well illustrated this. They said, "that in the symbols it was shown, as where Hermes is represented as an old and a young man, intending by this to signify that he who rightly inspects sacred matters ought to be both intelligent and strong, one of these without the other being imperfect. And for the same reason the symbol of great Sphinx was established; the beast signifying strength, and the man wisdom. For strength when destitute of the ruling aid of wisdom is overcome by stupid astonishment confusing all things together; and for the purpose of action the intellect is useless when it is deprived of strength." So, whether our strength is that of sympathy or of astral vision, we will be confounded if philosophical knowledge be absent.

—W. Q. JUDGE

THE "WAY" IN ISLAM

[**Dr. A. J. Arberry, M.A., Litt.D., F.B.A.,** is Sir Thomas Adams Professor of Arabic at the University of Cambridge and a distinguished authority on Persian and Arabic literature and the whole subject of Near and Middle Eastern culture generally. The first part of his scholarly essay appeared last month; below we print the second and concluding part.—Ed.]

II

We now pass from "stations" into "states," those "spiritual feelings and dispositions over which a man has no control"; in the words of al-Sarrāj, "They descend from God into his heart, without his being able to repel them when they come or to retain them when they go," or, as al-Qushairī saw the matter, "The states are gifts; the stations are earnings." Al-Anṣārī counts ten "states," beginning with love; like all the Sufi theorists he quotes the *Koran* 5:59: "God will assuredly bring a people He loves, and who love Him." God's love for man precedes man's love for God and is its prerequisite. It is followed by jealousy — the jealousy of the ardent lover — yearning, trepidation, thirst, passionate emotion, amazement, stupefaction, the lightning flash heralding fulfilment and the taste of ecstasy.

Seventy of the hundred lodges have thus been left behind and the pilgrim is at last qualified to call himself the friend of God. There are ten phases of this friendship, the Arabic name for which also means sainthood, and the terms used to convey the worshipper's progress are reminiscent of the language of love. The first is the glance, such as Moses was commanded to give when he prayed that he might see God (the *Koran* 7:139): "... behold the mountain — if it stays fast in its place, then thou shalt see Me." Next is the overwhelming moment when the truth is revealed (the *Koran* 7:140):—

> And when his Lord revealed Him to the mountain
> He made it crumble into dust; and Moses
> fell down swooning.

This leads to undimmed clearness of comprehension, followed by great joy, a joy that "wipes out all traces of desolation and knocks on the door of contemplation, so that the spirit laughs." The lover of God enters the secret of intimacy so that he becomes oblivious even to his own self in the obliterating experience of the Divine Love. There ensues the realization of breathing again, as did Moses after the Lord had passed over the mountain (the *Koran* 7:140): "So when he awoke, he

said, 'Glory be to Thee!' " The pilgrim becomes a stranger in the world, a stranger even to Paradise: he is wholly drowned in the sea of rapture. Being absent from all the ties that formerly bound him to personal things, he discovers that he is firmly and immutably established in the love of God.

Ten succeeding degrees of mystical realization reward him for his steadfast progress along the arduous Way: revelation; contemplation; seeing face to Face; Life (the Life of the Divine quickening, described in the *Koran* 6:122)—

> Why, is he who was dead, and We gave him life,
> and appointed for him a light to walk by
> among the people as one whose likeness is in
> the shadows, and comes not forth from them?

— then contraction in God's gripping hand; then expansion in the broad arena of Divine experience; drunkenness like Moses' swoon, followed by the sobriety of conscious presence; union in the immediate awareness of God and lastly severance even from the sensation of union.

The pilgrim has at last come to the final reach of his long journey. He knows God as God truly is and has achieved that mystic gnosis which emboldened al-Hallāj to declare:—

> Now stands no more between the Truth and me
> Or reasoned demonstration,
> Or proof or revelation;
> Now, brightly blazing forth, Truth's luminary
> Hath driven out of sight
> Each flickering lesser light.

He passes away from his mortal attributes to enter into the immortality of life in God; he has proved the truth of the *Koran* 55:26-27: "All that dwells upon the earth is perishing, yet still abides the Face of thy Lord, majestic, splendid."

This proof of the truth is accompanied by that sublime deception which, as Hujwīrī affirms,

> cannot possibly belong to anyone except God, who shows the unbeliever in the guise of a believer and the believer in the guise of an unbeliever, until the time shall come for the manifestation of His decree and of the reality in every case.

The lover of God hides from other men the precious secret which God has committed to his charge; truly he is united with God but so long as he lives in this world he assumes the cloak of ordinary mortality,

lest the weaker brethren should be bewildered and led astray by the mystery of his transformation. Until now he has known God; now he discovers God. Stripped of every trace of individual consciousness, being wholly separated from all that is other than God, concentrated to the last degree upon his discovery of God, he is at last at journey's end: he is united with God, and can with the full conviction that comes only of complete attainment recite in perfect understanding the Sura of Sincere Religion:—

Say: "He is God, One,
God, the Everlasting Refuge,
who has not begotten, and has not been begotten,
and equal to Him is not any one."

Such is al-Anṣārī's picture of the pilgrim's progress. It is a subtle and meticulously constructed analysis, agreeing closely with the schemes outlined by other Sufi writers. There is inevitably a certain frigidity about such elaborations, with their superabundance of technical terms; yet throughout his learned discourse one is conscious of a sincerity and a realism which could only spring from personal experience. It is to the poetry of the Sufis that we have to turn if we wish to enjoy a more intimate description of the mystical life in Islam. Who, one wonders, was the saintly woman who spoke to Dhu 'l-Nūn of Egypt on the coasts of Syria, and drew for him this portrait of the band of spiritual brothers on their way to the Divine home?

Their every purpose is with God united,
Their high ambitions mount to Him alone;
Their troth is to the Lord and Master plighted—
O noble quest, for the Eternal One!

They do not quarrel over this world's pleasure—
Honour, and children, rich and costly gowns,
All greed and appetite! They do not treasure
The life of ease and joy that dwells in towns.

Facing the far and faint horizon yonder,
They seek the Infinite, with purpose strong;
They ever tread where desert runnels wander,
And high on towering mountain-tops they throng!

The inspiration for the scene which this unknown woman depicted was surely drawn from that passage in the *Koran* (Sura 22:23-24) in which God recalls the original institution of the Pilgrimage:—

And when We settled for Abraham the place

of the House: "Thou shalt not associate
with Me anything. And do thou purify
My House for those that shall go about it
and those that stand, for those that bow
and prostrate themselves;
and proclaim among men the Pilgrimage,
and they shall come unto thee on foot
and upon every lean beast, they shall come from
every deep ravine."

It was at the Station of Abraham that the ancient patriarch, the first of the Muslims, stood when he received the Divine commission to be a prophet of the True Religion. The Holy House at Mecca continued thereafter, and continues, to draw men and women from north and south, east and west, pilgrims year by year on a physical journey.

It was therefore only natural that the Pilgrimage should provide the mystics of Islam with much of the symbolism which they needed to give expression to their experiences on the spiritual Way. The greatest of the Arab poets, Ibn al-Fārid, celebrates both the ritual and the mystical pilgrimage in his highly mannered verses. Having equated the eternal spirit of Muḥammad with the first emanation of the Godhead, he could look back on his journey to Mecca as a visitation of that place which had witnessed the epiphany of that Spirit. Sitting in exile in Cairo, he would mourn his separation from the holy Beloved, with whom he had once enjoyed union, and use the exaggerated language of erotic poetry to give voice to the desolation within his heart:—

People of Mecca! By your life I avow
In solemn oath, 'tis for you my heart is now
And ever engaged: your love, as all men know,
Alone is the faith I follow, the way I go,
The bond of my soul's affection. Thou who dost chide
My love for him, for whose sake immensified
Is my passion, scarce to console: shall not plain sense
Bar thee to blame or love, whose sole defence
Is that he counts for blessing his misery?
If thou hadst known the cause of thy scolding me,
Surely thou hadst excused me: reproach thou less
Unkindly, and leave unvexed my unhappiness.

So he pleads with the imaginary critic of his high romance. To the fortunate friends now dwelling within sight of the Kaaba he has another message:—

For them that alight by Murabba's soaring trees,
And Shubaika, or by the mountainous crevices
Of Kada, yea those who come to God's sanctuary
And dwell in those tents, for them that pilgrims be
To Hathma youths of the fertile holy field
Neighbouring that impregnable tribe — I yield
To those my care, and all my attentive mind:
Let them avert, draw nigh, be cruel, kind,
Betray, keep tryst, forsake, for my wasting sigh,
Ever unchanged are they. To this refuge I
Repair when amulets fail, to their fortress flee
If foes assail; still in my heart they be,
Though far their abode; cause they of my passion's rage
Or sweet content. As in that far-off age
I dwelt among them, so still I circle round
At Akhshaban my desolate hallowed ground,
Seeking yet to embrace them, my friends most true.
As once I greeted them, kissing as I would do
The Kaaba's pillar; and as I stand in the place
Where Abraham stood, in my flesh the fevers race
With never cure to assuage them: I recall
Ajyad, and this is my noon-recital, and all
My sleepless vigil through the unending night.
Now, by my life, though its torrent hollows might
Be turned into springing wells, my spirit's thirst
Were amply quenched by the pebbles I knew at first.

He turns for consolation to his attendant minstrel, and begs him to chant the legend of his Beloved to comfort him in his grief:—

Aid me, my brother, and sing me the history
Of him who dwelt in the hollows, if amity
Thou still retainest; bring it back to my ear,
For so the spirit yearneth report to hear
When friends far sunder. When my heart is beset
By tormenting sorrow, balm for its anguish yet
The fragrant herb of Hijaz, sweetly supply.
What, shall it be forbidden me, to draw nigh
Joyous to that fair land? Shall I be denied
Those sandy hills, where my hope and life reside?

Finally he recalls once more the blessedness of his pilgrimage long ago and resigns himself to the prospect of never again embracing his Beloved in the ecstasy of self-surrender.

Ah! for that fond past time, and the long carouse
Fragrance-beset, while slumbered the jealous guard:
Days when I pastured joyously in the sward
Of dear desire, skirts of rich amplitude
Proudly trailing, days I have long pursued
Past all recalling. Wondrous strange are the ways
Of Time, that bounty richly upon youth lays,
To try him often, taking the gilt away!
Would it were possible if but for one day,
Our past delight to revive: then gladly would I
The whole of my life surrender. But ah! the tie
Of high desire is broken; loosed is the knot
Of hope; endeavour is wasted; enough my lot
Of anguish, nightly ever to toss distraught,
Yearning unreached, and Fate's fulfilment wrought.

In a more metaphysical mood, in his wonderful *Poem of the Way,* Ibn al-Fārid discovers that he is able to perform the rites of the Pilgrimage in his own character; having attained mystical union with the Spirit of Muḥammad, and through that with God, he declares with infinite subtlety:—

Therefore my heart a temple is, wherein
I dwell; before it, as from out of it,
The manifesting of my attributes
(As of my occultation), and of these
My right hand is a pillar, kissed within
Myself, and, for wise purpose, in my mouth
The kiss proceeding from my *qibla* falls.
About myself in spirit and in truth
My circumambulation is: I run
From my Safa unto my Marwa, all
My face's sake; within a sanctuary
(That is my inward) all my outward part
Is safe, what though my neighbours round about
Are in dire danger to be snatched away.

This gives us the clue to the symbolism of the famous dance of the Whirling Dervishes, said to have been invested by the eponymous founder of that fabulous Order, Maulānā Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī (d. 1273). In that majestic ritual the performer gyrates with incredible grace in a circle to the rhythm of the drum and the plaintive music of the reed-pipe; and it was while listening to these entrancing sounds that Rūmī composed spontaneously many of his lyrics and quatrains.

As the tabor's throb
Rises on the air,
My hapless heart
Runs its prisoner.

A hidden voice
From the beating drum
Cries, "O weary soul,
Here the road is: come!

The singer begins to chant to the accompaniment of the drum and pipe, and the mystic pictures himself as being summoned from the grave to meet the Presence of God.

The voice of Death's Angel sounds;
My heart with gladness bounds;
From the valley of death I rise
Jubilant to the skies.

Unknown it is unto men
What cometh upon me then,
What invisible messenger
Maketh my soul aware.

Rūmī calls to his fellow mystics to join him in the circling dance.

Rise up, and go about
The Pole of our salvation,
As winds the pilgrim rout
By Mecca's holy station.

Why art thou slumber-bound
Like clay the earth caressing?
In movement shall be found
The key to every blessing.

His invitation is declined by one faint soul, and he recalls the answer he gave him:—

"The mystic rout
Is now afoot," I cried. "Come out!"
He said: "Depart;
Thy servant lieth sick of heart."

"Though thou wert dead,
Yet shalt thou live again," I said;
"Our Jesus shall
Renew in thee God's miracle."

Soon the dance is under way, and Rūmī, as he swings his green-sleeved arms to the quickening rhythm, imagines that he is a tree tossing in the Spring breeze by a river.

He that is my soul's repose
Round my heart encircling goes,
Round my heart and soul of bliss
He encircling is.

Laughing, from my earthy bed
Like a tree I lift my head,
For the Fount of living mirth
Washes round my earth.

The gyrating dervishes are compared with motes dancing round the sun:—

Each atom dancing in the plain
Or on the air,
Behold it well, like us, insane
It spinneth there.

Each atom, whether glad it be
Or sorrowful,
Circleth the sun in ecstasy
Ineffable.

In another quatrain Rūmī fuses the two images of mote and tree:—

The beloved one
Shineth like the sun;
Like a mote the lover
Round his sun doth hover.

When the breath of love,
Quivering above,
The green wood entranceth
Every young bough danceth.

The dance in the semblance of the Mecca circumambulation continues all through the hours of darkness. Presently he observes the faint light of dawn appearing in the eastern sky, and is ready to disclose the mystery of the Sufis' ritual:—

Come forth, O day!
The motes are dancing gay;
The spirits in delight
Dance wildly through the night.

Draw near, draw near!
I'll whisper in thy ear
His name, Whose radiance
Maketh the spheres to dance.

The whole universe is now envisaged as whirling in a sublime dervish dance about its Creator; the entire world, its long journey accomplished, is for ever circling in pilgrim fashion that heavenly Kaaba which is the Throne of God.

A. J. Arberry

SIESTA

The world 's indoors
With shutters drawn;
A stillness lies
On house and lawn;
The birds are hushed
In motionless trees
Whose leaves once curtsied
Before the breeze;
And flowers like psalms
Unuttered stand
Entranced as by
Some secret hand.

Herbert Bluen

YOUTH'S ASPIRATIONS

[**Dr. Alexander F. Skutch** is an old and valued friend of THE ARYAN PATH. He contributes once again an article full of direct, lucid thinking on the moral life of man. For, properly speaking, it is a profoundly moral idea that from loss of dreams and seeming frustration man may receive spiritual treasures and in plain, everyday life find scope for every heroic power of the soul.—ED.]

APPLY AS WE WILL the naturalistic doctrines of Rousseau, we can hardly educate children without sacrificing many of childhood's spontaneous impulses upon the altar of the invisible god of the future. Happiness in years to come is constantly held before the child as an incentive to diligence in disagreeable tasks; grim spectres of future misery and destitution are conjured up before the young mind as a deterrent to wayward impulses. Only with the most gifted teachers, only with those fortunate boys and girls in whom love of knowledge is of early birth and rapid growth, does study become its own reward. Few children value knowledge for its own sake; the majority work for it only as a coin that may in the coming years be exchanged for more tangible benefits.

All too soon the young person confronts the perplexing task of choosing his future vocation. To be forced to select his life's work at a time when his character and interests are rapidly changing, when he scarcely knows himself and has only vague notions of the baffling world of adults, is a harsh assignment. Ideally, we should elect our careers after we mature and have become familiar with a number of occupations, so that we may make informed judgments of our adequacy for our intended work and the rewards it will bring us. Unfortunately, long before we are mature we must choose our studies with a view to our future vocation; indeed, preparing oneself to occupy a niche in the world of affairs is part of the process of maturing. To be obliged to commit the whole future course of one's life before one knows much about life is so unfair that a philosopher might refuse to reach a decision and refrain from participation in this irrational world. But the youth's animal buoyancy and organic optimism carry him through this cruel predicament, usually without a trace of the resentment that it might engender in a more reflective mind.

He meets the crisis and passes it calmly, even cheerfully and hopefully, because he lives so largely in an ideal, visionary realm, which contrasts strongly with the hard, cruel, grasping world on whose threshold he stands. He colours all coming years and activities with his own

warm fancies. From childhood he has been nourished on tales of noble deeds; he has breathed an atmosphere of great expectations; the future has from early years been held before him, like a handful of corn before a recalcitrant horse, as the magnificent recompense for present sacrifices. Now all the hope, all the earnestness, all the spontaneous generosity, all the romantic abnegation, all the desire to serve, of ardent youth are thrown into this choice of a career, these plans for future endeavour. If worth his salt, the lad fixes his gaze on no peak short of the highest; no mediocre achievement will satisfy his broad-winged aspiration. All that men in past generations have accomplished is only the background for his own attainment; the greatest of the honoured dead are but his harbingers and precursors: his will be "some figured flame which blends, transcends them all."

A youth can find no more inspiring example and pattern for his own life than that of a forest tree. It starts as a tender sprout pushing through the litter of the woodland floor, in the deep shade cast by its elders towering far overhead. From the day it spreads its earliest leaf to the dim light of the underwood, the single objective of its infancy, childhood and youth is to push upward, ever upward, until it reaches the roof of the forest, wins for itself a place in the sunlight, and can spread its ample boughs among the noblest of its kind. For it there is no alternative course, no compromise with circumstance which will not lead to death. It must win a place in the forest canopy or perish from lack of the vital sunlight. Its whole activity is regulated by this single aim; until it has attained full stature, it cannot afford to squander its substance by sending forth mighty boughs; it must deny itself the luxury of efflorescence; it resolutely casts off the lower branches which no longer further its purpose.

The odds against the seedling's ultimate success are great, and it may succumb in the severe struggle to win a place in the woodland canopy; but, if this occurs, its clean and slender stem, free of all useless excrescences, attests that so long as sap flowed in its young trunk it was faithful to its dominant purpose and made no compromise with fortune — its death was such as any man might envy. Only if at last it achieves the aim of all its youthful striving and finds its lofty crown on a level with those of the best of its race, does it begin to expand, to flower and become the host of murmurous insects and songful birds. It would be well for us if, instead of the multitude of diverse and often incompatible objectives which we conceive for ourselves and those whom we guide, our choice were limited to one so natural and simple, so lofty and

sincere.

Youth is intensive in its aims; human life, diffusive in its demands. Youth, with eyes fastened upon its distant goal, overlooks all the inequalities of the intervening terrain. It will hurry directly toward its objective, following the straightest and shortest course, regardless of what hills and valleys, cliffs and chasms may obstruct the way. Life cries: "No, thou canst not travel so; no man can scale that précipice, only a bird can pass that canyon from side to side." Eager to advance quickly, Youth would travel girt-high and without a pack. Life admonishes: "Thou must eat, drink, and shelter thyself on the road, else I cannot sustain thee and thou wilt perish long before thou attainest thy destination." Because he who walks alone goes fastest, Youth often prefers to journey in solitude. Again Life warns: "If without the cheering presence of a mate thou becomest lonely and disconsolate, I shall not solace thee."

Life's stern admonitions, reiterated at every attempt to forsake the most trodden path in favour of the most direct, soon chill and discourage all but the stoutest heart and the purest, most devoted purpose. Once

> Youth seemed all too costly to be staked
> On the soiled cards wherewith men played their game,
> Letting Time pocket up the larger life,
> Lost with base gain of raiment, food, and roof.

Now, with advancing years and cooling blood, these base gains absorb the major share of our efforts; while the goal of our precious youth, if not wholly lost from view, is pursued only in hours left free by economic demands and the whims of society. As in the drab middle span of life we tread the humdrum daily round of conventional activities, we have little time and less desire to recall the shining aspirations of our youth; we can scarcely remember them without a pang, for in neglecting them we seem to have permitted our spirit's brightest flame to languish and die. The roseate clouds of childhood's dawning consciousness, the brilliant rays of youth's rising sun, have been succeeded by a harsh midday glare, which mercilessly dissolves the mists of enchantment and drives back the long, cool shadows of illusion. Doubtless we are fortunate that daily cares now leave little time for accusing memories.

But in due course the sun passes its fierce zenith and, falling westward, permits the shadows to steal forth from our feet, from the foundations of the houses and under the crowns of the trees. Presently they

grow as long as in the early morning and lie as caressingly upon the lawns and meadows, although in the opposite direction. The feverish activity of life's noontide relaxes, and we enjoy leisure to look back along the path we have trodden, viewing it in perspective softened by illusion. We perceive that life's journey, earnestly undertaken and strenuously pursued, has somehow rewarded us, although perhaps not with those supernal endowments on which our heart was fixed as we so hopefully set forth. No laurel wreath encircles our thin and dusty gray locks, yet in head and heart we have gathered treasures overlooked by our eager youthful calculations. If life has stubbornly withheld the greater part of that particular achievement which once seemed supreme and alone worthy of our effort, it has in compensation endowed us with other treasures which we lacked the wisdom to seek.

Perhaps the goal of our youth was universal knowledge. The years have humbled our once proud intellect with the demonstration that every fact we learn raises four new questions which remain unanswered. But delays have taught patience; perplexity has trained us in tolerance; love has schooled us in kindness; suffering has instilled compassion; beauty, which once seemed to distract us from the quest of truth, has amplified truth's meaning. Lessons have come from unexpected quarters; and, if we have amassed less knowledge than we desired, we have perforce acquired more wisdom than we sought.

Or power was our supreme objective. We have not conquered the world, or even succeeded in controlling our dependants as closely as we wished. Yet in life's long struggle we learned to moderate our desires, to govern our passions, to remain cheerful in adversity and to recognize that nothing is more important to us than this regulation of our own inner state. Is not the man who can rule himself more powerful than the world-conqueror who remains enthralled to his own violent passions? And has not life, in teaching us self-control, endowed us with more power than filled the dream of insolent youth?

Our wealth was the dominant desire of our young heart. Riches came and riches went, as in a fantastic dream; and we may be satisfied now if a few coins tinkle in our pocket after all bills and taxes have been paid. Yet in gaining and losing money we were shown, with the convincing force of a laboratory demonstration in physics, that the only true wealth resides in the mind, where alone we can guard it intact through all the vicissitudes of war and of rising and falling prices. Are we not then far richer than we had ever hoped to become?

The experience of an individual may repeat in miniature the history

of the whole realm of living things. Organisms, like men, tend to sink into ruts, to become narrow and specialized, unless from time to time they encounter difficulties which force them to spread out and diversify to avoid extinction. Life often treats us more kindly than in the most self-indulgent moments of youth we had planned to treat ourselves; frequently she presses on us gifts far more precious than those coveted prizes that she persisted in holding above our reach. Our long mortal journey, even when made by the most travelled roads and in the most conventional conveyances, is often attended by adventures more strange and varied than in the wildly romantic dreams of youth we had envisioned for ourselves in Eldorado or Ultima Thule. In some of the ordinary contingencies of human existence, we require more courage than we had hoped to display at the most perilous junctures of our travels through the dragon-haunted realms of fancy. Successfully to discharge our commonplace duties as a winner of bread, guardian of property, parent of growing children and member of the community, we may need a wider range of accomplishments, more varied knowledge and more diverse skills, than as lads big with our own importance we had planned to acquire for that long-anticipated voyage through the uncharted archipelago of phantasy. Lead us where she will, Life provides us with abundant opportunities to grow broad and mellow in spirit, if only we are wise enough to seize them.

Aspiring youth fastens its gaze upon some snowy peak that towers high above the green and comfortable world of everyday experience. It would devote all its energy to the upward climb, and plant its banner upon the lofty summit that would henceforth be its monument. But the exigencies of life cause the dispersion of the forces that we would concentrate upon some single dominant effort. We must eat, clothe and shelter ourselves; we have duties to our family and the community; all of which cause the dissipation of our energy. At our best and noblest, we wander over a high plateau of experience and accomplishment, rather than scale a single outstanding summit. The Andean plateau of Junín is not so lofty and spectacular as the snowy cone of Cotopaxi, but it contains a great deal more solid rock.

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

TRADITION AND EXPERIMENT IN SANSKRIT POETRY

[**Dr. K. Krishnamoorthy, M.A., B.T., Ph.D.,** Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Karnatak University, Dharwar, an old and esteemed contributor, surveys "in broad outline the interaction of tradition and experiment in the long and chequered history of secular Sanskrit poetry."—Ed.]

Sanskrit poetry is as old as the immemorial Vedas raised by tradition to the rank of sacred revelation. The poetry of the Ṛgveda represents an age when religion and science, life and literature, were almost interchangeable terms; when there was no sharp distinction yet between the different aspects of human personality like feeling, reason and imagination; when the functions of the poet and the priest, of the mystic and the myth-maker, of the seer and the worldling, still remained undivided. This vast body of sacred literature in archaic idiom, with only occasional gleams of secular interest, lies outside the scope of the present article, which purports to survey in broad outline the interaction of tradition and experiment in the long and chequered history of secular Sanskrit poetry.

Though all are agreed that we step into poetry proper in the Indian epics, *viz.*, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata,* there is no unanimity of opinion among modern scholars about their age or authenticity. If we turn to tradition, we find that, though it distinguishes the epics from the Vedas by regarding the former as of human authorship in contrast to the latter, which are divine revelations, it still reckons the poets Vālmīki and Vyāsa as two hoary sages, entitled to veneration. We find already in the epic age the cleavage between the sophisticated life in cities and the saintly life of sages in their forest hermitages. But the gulf is not yet so wide as to shut out intercommunication. One might, in fact, go so far as to say that the kernel of the two epics is concerned with the commerce between the two worlds, the one of courtly sophistication and the other of saintly asceticism. Take away the forest of Daṇḍaka from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and you will have practically emptied the epic of its essence. The important rôle of the forest-life in the *Mahābhārata* may not be so obvious at first sight; but it will not take long to see that the epic really opens with the circumstances leading to the birth of the Pāṇḍava heroes in a forest, that their equipment for

"the great war" was complete only after a long apprenticeship of twelve years' stay in a forest and that the *finale* of the epic too presents to us a glowing picture of the ascetic ideal of forest-life. The Aristotelian test of the "beginning," "middle" and "end," or, in our own land, the principle of unity of *rasa* enunciated by Ānandavardhana, shows how the two epics revolve round a similar axis and how Vālmīki and Vyāsa are deliberately devising their plots to bring out the message of an ideal synthesis between conflicting ideals of worldliness and renunciation. Winternitz has discovered these alternating currents of thought even in the numerous ballads and episodes (*upākhyānas*) which are imbedded in the voluminous *Mahābhārata* and which might well represent an earlier phase of popular poetry in India.

Our analysis above is confirmed by the general account of these two ancient ideals preserved in ancient law-books and codes like that of Manu on the one hand and in Upanishadic literature on the other.

The dawn of court poetry by about the beginning of the Christian era saw a growing split between the functions of the poet and the sage. The poet became more and more self-conscious of his art while the thinker began to forge a new kind of laconic prose to record his reflections in. This is the age which marks simultaneously the birth of artistic poems as well as philosophical *sūtras*. With characteristic love of analysis, the Indian mind evolved — though the beginnings are hazy — in this age not only the guiding rules of poetics but also the principles governing the universe; and the theistic trends of popular religion were there in the background.

No wonder if the two national epics served as models to the new poets in this formative stage of classical Sanskrit poetry. But the wonder is that none attempted to imitate them in entirety. A single heroic or romantic episode in the epic was found to be more than enough for the new poet to show his skill; and he borrowed, if at all, only the mythology of the epics, their occasional lyric vein and their way of treating Nature as suffused with human emotion and feeling. But he was a bold inventor in other directions: in devising a hundred new metrical patterns; in perfecting schemes of rhythm, rhyme and assonance; in enriching the Sanskrit vocabulary by discovering fresh turns of linguistic usage to denote an identical thought or different shades of thought through a variety of synonyms — *e.g.*, the idea of "sea," to take an instance at random, can be conveyed by no less than a hundred

words in Sanskrit by employing synonyms of "water" with different descriptive suffixes (*vāri-dhi, jala-dhi, ambu-rāśi,* etc.) or synonyms of "river" with the addition of "lord" (*sarit-pati, apāṁ-pati,* etc.) or synonyms of "gem" or synonyms of "salt" with the addition of "home" (*ratnākara, lavaṇākara,* etc.), apart from regular synonyms whose derivations are doubtful — thus exploiting all the linguistic resources that a formally perfect grammar like that of Pāṇini could provide; and, above all, in discovering new turns of imagery, at once striking and artistic. It is because of the numerous experiments, in both form and substance, of these pre-Kālidāsa pioneers that Sanskrit became so refined and polished once for all as to extract from a linguist like Sir William Jones the encomium:—

> The Sanskrit language is of a wonderful structure, more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either.*

To these anonymous pioneers, again, we owe the genesis of more than one literary *genre* — drama and lyric (erotic and religious), prose romance and fable, panegyric and parable, besides the time-honoured court epic (*mahākāvya*). The rich harvest of the next period in all these forms presupposes this seed-time of rigorous experiment on the part of poets and critics alike. The beauty of the popular Prakrits too had not escaped their attention: we find an honoured place assigned to Prakrit in plays as well as lyrics.

This formative period of varied experimentation, whose traces have almost faded away, leads us on to the Golden Age of Sanskrit poetry, whose two peaks are represented by Kālidāsa and Bhāravi, one in the North and the other in the South.

What was just a hint in Vālmīki flowers forth into a perfect lyric, the *Meghadūta,* in the hands of the master-poet Kālidāsa, while the genius of Bhāravi is not at all lyrical. In his court epics, Kālidāsa also achieved a sweetness of poetic diction and elegance of thought rarely equalled. His genius left its indelible impress on everything he touched, poetry or drama; and his writing remains to this day the model of the best Sanskrit, combining ease and grace, form and significance. More than his insight into subtlest human emotions and his communion with the secrets of Nature, what marks him out as the true heir of Vālmīki

* *Asiatic Researches,* Vol. I, p. 422.

is his underlying message, which is a happy blend of the epic values, worldly and spiritual.

In this Bhāravi bears a family resemblance to Kālidāsa though unlike him in every other way. Bhāravi's poetry is vigorous and powerful, despite his pedantic diction; and he prefers direct instruction to Kālidāsa's undertone of suggestion. But what makes him stand out as a stylist is his parade of acrostics. Unlike Kālidāsa, he often lets his learning get the better of his poetry and the result, therefore, is uneven.

Soon both Kālidāsa and Bhāravi became "the poet's poets"; and the age-long tradition of the sages came under a cloud. The spirit lost, the letter began to exercise supreme sway over the next generation of poets, among whom Bhaṭṭi, Māgha and Śrīharṣa deserve particular mention. All these poets are more learned than the earlier masters and carry the process of external refinement and polish to its acme. They revel in new coinages and quaint conceits. Striving after effect, they not only utilize all the paraphernalia of poetic conventions (*kavi-samayas*) known through books; they also invent new ones. In their enthusiasm to arrest the attention of the learned, they borrow their imagery from sources such as the philosophical systems, grammar and etymology. But the two disciplines which held them in thrall were Erotics and Poetics. They were, indeed, the first to indulge in excesses of description and to start the convention of set themes for an epic. Even in these exercises, artificial to a degree, the spirit of experimentation is not wanting. They narrowed the province of poetry in their love of formal rules; but they also broadened the field of poetic conceits and imagery. The poetic tradition of Kālidāsa and Bhāravi assume new shapes in their hands, more startling, if less appealing.

Meanwhile the lyric tradition which developed apace in the hands of masters like Bhartṛhari and Amaru proved more and more popular and paved the way for revaluations of theories of poetry. Ānandavardhana (ninth century) was the champion of a new theory of literature according to which *dhvani* or indirect suggestion was the very soul of poetry as well as drama, and without which the figures of speech were of little or no value. In his treatment the poet's imagination was given the highest place in the creative process; and not a bare mention along with equipment and practice as in the earlier texts of rhetoric. This reaction of literary critics (*sahṛdayas*) against the artificial excesses of post-Kālidāsa poets gained ground throughout India; and we find again the poets of a later period turning to fresh fields of poetry.

Poets like Padmagupta and Bilhaṇa (eleventh century) take contemporary kings as their heroes and try to recapture the manner of Kālidāsa in their readable historical poems. Despite their shortcomings as historians, judged as poets, they merit praise inasmuch as they proved how poetry could be distilled from current history itself. The heritage of mythology was freely utilized by them to invest contemporary kings with the glory of epic heroes. Bāṇa's example of prefixing an autobiography to a work was also emulated by Bilhaṇa. These are indeed new experiments which changed the course of the old poetic tradition considerably without departing from it in spirit.

A noteworthy experiment in blending the lyric and the opera through songs and stanzas is noticed in Jayadeva's *Gītagovinda,* which provided the model for a number of imitators. The impact of the rising literatures in the vernaculars provided new themes; and semi-historical biographies of great saints and teachers like Śaṁkara found favour with more than one author of note. Many a poet was drawn to the numerous heroes provided by popular religion; and the old tradition of epic poetry found new forms breathing devotional fervour. But judging from the paucity of original inspiration, one cannot help concluding that Sanskrit came to pass through a period of decadence and decline.

It was, of course, the contact with Western literature that brought the much-needed *aufklarung* into modern Indian literatures, which were throughout basking in the sunshine of Sanskrit. Apart from the long line of imitators of Western models, two poets that stand out as true heirs of Indian tradition are Tagore and Sri Aurobindo. Each of these, in his own way, has succeeded in recapturing the deathless spirit of Indian poetry in numerous forms. Sanskrit poetry may be vivified yet by the infusion of such new ideas from those who are both poets and sages. Inspired men with poetic vision which can penetrate unerringly into the eternal truths underlying our ancient mythology, might yet succeed in writing immortal epics in Sanskrit in view of its unbroken and live epic tradition. If the present crisis in civilization is to be immortalized in an epic at all — who can foretell? — Sanskrit might well come in handy for the future poet. Sanskrit poetry has always stood for the ideal, and in all its myriad forms, has idealized the real and turned away from the starkly real. It now throws out a challenge to poets to extract significance from life today. Whether Sanskrit is a dead or live language depends on how the poets take up the challenge.

K. Krishnamoorthy

WILLIAM CAREY

PIONEER MISSIONARY IN INDIA

[**Mr. J. R. Milsome** is a teacher at a primary school in Kingsbury, Middlesex. He has taught in the U.S.A. and contributed to periodicals in Britain, the U.S.A., Rhodesia and South Africa. This biographical sketch of William Carey is of historical interest. The dedication and patient work of early missionaries had far-reaching results. Actual conversion seems to us a minor result, of doubtful value at best. But these devoted men, spreading education, initiating fundamental literary work like the compiling of dictionaries and grammars, and useful arts like printing, nurturing the first growth of prose in some Indian languages and, above all, posing to decadent contemporary Hinduism a challenge which forced it to reform itself, revive philosophy and restore ethical emphasis, have exerted an influence in the making of modern India for which they deserve gratitude and have set an example of dedicated service that still challenges emulation by Indians to come.

Readers may find it interesting to look up Miss E. Pauline Quigly's article, "The First Burmese-English Dictionary," in THE ARYAN PATH, April 1957, p. 151.—ED.]

WITH the recent modernized translation of the Bible a best-seller in England, it is interesting to recall the life of the man who a hundred and fifty years ago was the first to translate the New Testament into Bengali. This man was William Carey, the son of an English schoolmaster.

William Carey was born two hundred years ago come August 17th this year. His family lived at Paulersbury, a village in Northamptonshire in the Midlands of England. There was little money to help William make his way in life, but he did at least have the benefit of a certain amount of education in his father's school. Though young William was a bright pupil, he sometimes worried his parents because of a desire for adventure. He seems to have spent most of his boyhood exploring the countryside around his home and getting involved in all kinds of mischief.

At the age of twelve he left school and had to earn a living. His first job was as a gardener's assistant, but this was very hard work for such a young boy and he soon gave it up to become an apprentice to a shoemaker. Another apprentice in the shoemaker's shop where William worked introduced him to the Baptist church. William joined the Baptists, and as the years passed he became increasingly interested in Chris-

tianity and in the possibility of the church as a life's work.

In 1785 William Carey became a Baptist minister with an income of ten pounds a year and a wife and family to support. It was a very hard life on the borderline of poverty. William did his best to help his family by working part-time as a teacher and in the evenings by earning extra money as a shoe-repairer.

One of his main interests was the study of other countries and to help his pupils he made a leather globe on which he marked in different coloured leathers the oceans and countries of the world. This study of other lands led William to the discovery that many nations of the world had no knowledge of Christianity. This troubled him and made him think about the useful work that could be done by a missionary overseas. The idea took fixed hold of him and one day at a meeting of Baptist ministers he stood up and made the suggestion that the Baptists should form a special organization for sending missionaries abroad. The suggestion was received in shocked silence. Then the president of the meeting turned to him and commented disdainfully, "Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." Then he added icily, "What, sir, can you preach in Arabic, in Persic, in Hindustani, in Bengali?"

William Carey sat down, but his mind had not been changed by ridicule. In fact he spoke none of the languages that the president had mentioned, but he had a real ability as a linguist and during his leisure moments studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian and Dutch — a remarkable number of languages that no one else at the Baptist meeting could have equalled. He continued his daily work as a minister, teacher and shoe-repairer, but whenever he could he preached that missionaries were needed abroad.

In 1792 he gave an inspired sermon on the subject of missionaries, which so impressed his listeners that, within a few months of the sermon, they had founded a Baptist Society, the special aim of which was to send Baptist Missionaries to foreign lands. While this idea was being discussed Carey met a Doctor Thomas who had been to India and showed an interest in returning to that country with a missionary party. The more William Carey thought things over the more he felt sure that he wanted to be the first missionary to go out to India. He talked the matter over with his family, and they decided to go to India together and to take Doctor Thomas with them.

The Baptist Missionary Society helped with the payment of fares, but the biggest difficulty at first was to find a ship that would accept

them as passengers. At that time the British East India Company was very much against missionaries coming to India. It was the general opinion of the Company's leading officials that missionaries were an expensive nuisance and caused danger to the Company's possessions. Because of this attitude Carey was unable to find passages on a British ship and in the end had to sail on a Danish East India merchant ship. It was a long and arduous voyage, which in that year of 1793 had many dangers.

Even when they reached the coast of Bengal their difficulties were not over; for there was a possibility that the East India Company might prevent them from landing. To make sure they were not discovered they went ashore in a small boat. Carey wished to organize his church mission as soon as possible and, as Doctor Thomas had been to India before, he naturally turned to him for advice. The Doctor was a kind-hearted man but he had little financial sense. Unfortunately he was allowed to look after the money of the newly arrived party. The result was that within three months of their landing in India they were nearly destitute. It was a critical situation; for, apart from Carey, his wife and Doctor Thomas, there were four children and Mrs. Carey's sister in the party.

In desperation they decided to set out in a small open boat along the coast in the hope of finding suitable farming land. After voyaging for about forty miles they reached a spot that they considered might be adequate and went ashore. It was a hopeless task that they faced and they would undoubtedly have starved to death if they had not met a kindly trader named Mr. Short who gave them much-needed hospitality. Subsequently Mr. Short and Mrs. Carey's sister were married and so Mr. Short became one of the family.

William Carey still intended to work as a Baptist missionary as soon as he could, but in order to earn a living he took a temporary job as manager of an indigo factory owned by a Mr. Udney in Maldah. At last the little group had some measure of security and Carey was able to devote a little of his spare time to teaching and preaching. He opened a mission near the indigo factory, and after studying the local languages he began the translation of the New Testament into Bengali. This was to be the general pattern of his life for the next five years: his time divided between the indigo factory and his missionary work.

By 1799 Carey had at last established his mission, but his influence was not spreading. Times were hard economically; for there had been heavy floods which had ruined crops. The indigo factory was not doing well and Carey was in constant danger of unemployment. He had

managed to visit Bhutan and Dinajpur but had made no impact on these places, and it seemed that his scheme to spread Christian missions throughout India would be a failure.

Then a letter arrived from an old friend named William Ward who was a printer. The letter stated that Ward and his family and three friends were coming to India. When they did in fact arrive, however, they were not allowed to land in British India, and so went ashore at Serampore, which was at that time governed by the Dutch. Carey was much interested to hear that his old friends were in India. He had nearly completed a translation of the Bible which he hoped to print with the aid of an old printing press. When the British East India Company opposed the use of this press by Carey he discussed with his family what could be done. They decided to move to Serampore and live with the Ward family.

An amazing experiment in co-operation now began. The Carey and Ward families lived together in Serampore along with Joshua Marshman, an ex-schoolteacher, and other British friends. They agreed to merge all their interests and live as if they were one family, sharing all their possessions. This little group of English people worked together to run a school, a mission and a printing press. In the December of 1800 they were proud to baptize their first convert to Christianity. During 1801 William Carey and his friends had printed their first edition of the New Testament in Bengali.

Carey had shown an amazing ability to master the local languages and in 1801 he was appointed Professor of Sanskrit, Bengali and "Mahrattan" (Marathi) at Fort William College in Calcutta. Carey felt that this new appointment would interfere with his work as a missionary and it was only with great misgivings that he eventually accepted it. He wrote grammars, compiled dictionaries and, after three years, carefully revised his first Bengali New Testament.

Soon Carey had opened a mission in Calcutta and by 1812 his church workers had baptized 330 converts to Christianity. Two years later Carey had 20 missions throughout India. During 1812 Carey had a serious setback. Fire broke out in the printing office and went out of control. In the office were papers on which Carey had been working for many years. All these papers were lost and the press was ruined. News of this disaster reached England and an appeal was made for funds. Within two months people from England had sent subscriptions sufficient to buy a new printing press.

Carey and his friends who ran the printing press at Serampore

printed 36 translations of the Bible and the first newspaper ever printed in an Oriental language. Until 1813 the missions faced constant opposition from the East India Company but after that year missionary work was permitted legally. William Carey lived to see a Royal Charter granted to a college he had founded and was proud to know that there were 126 mission schools in India. He never returned to England. During 1833, at the age of 72, he became ill with fever. His condition worsened and during 1834 he was very weak. He had married three times and had been in India forty-one years when he died on June 9th, 1834.

The millions of Indian Christians of the 1960's are the result of the pioneer missionary work of William Carey the shoemaker, who has left his name in history as "the father of modern missionaries."

J. R. MILSOME

APART FROM all the utilitarian arguments, the search for a happiness based upon untrue beliefs is neither very noble nor very glorious. There is a stark joy in the unflinching perception of our true place in the world, and a more vivid drama than any that is possible to those who hide behind the enclosing walls of myth. There are "perilous seas" in the world of thought, which can only be sailed by those who are willing to face their own physical powerlessness. And above all, there is liberation from the tyranny of Fear, which blots out the day and keeps men grovelling and cruel. No man is liberated from fear who dare not see his place in the world as it is; no man can achieve the greatness of which he is capable until he has allowed himself to see his own littleness.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL

TWO INDIAN FOLK SONGS

WITH her rapid industrialization India is losing, like many other countries, some of her attractive folk songs. The two specimens given below were fairly well known in certain rice-growing areas some thirty years ago. Now, however, they are totally forgotten there: so much so that no one seems to remember that any such songs were ever sung by men and women working in the paddy fields.

The first specimen may be called "A Water-drawer's Song" — a solitary relieving the burden of monotony with comments on fair maidens.

A WATER-DRAWER'S SONG

I toil and moil in burning heat:
The bamboo copse gives cool retreat.

But my beloved dear must stay
Among the hills far, far away.
The bamboo copse gives cool retreat.

The girl in yonder house is pretty,
But I can't see her: that's a pity.
Her good-for-nothing parents say,
"No going out for you today."
The bamboo copse gives cool retreat.

At night I have my joyous treat
With neighbour's daughter: she is sweet.
But the headman's girl is just a cheat:
She boasts about her virgin breast!
Who on that bosom shall be blest?
In six short months a luckless boy
This wedding gift shall crown with joy.
The bamboo copse gives cool retreat.

He who her bosom's charms might scan
Would be a beauty-blinded man!
A hero bold of heart must come
For her who keeps the headman mum!

I toil and moil in burning heat:
The bamboo copse gives cool retreat.

But my beloved dear must stay
Among the hills far, far away.
The bamboo copse gives cool retreat.

The second specimen is a song of women working in the paddy fields. Different stanzas were sung by different voices, while all participated in the single-line chorus — "Beside the river."

SONG OF THE WOMEN IN THE PADDY FIELD

The creeper's tendrils the elder grasp
And shall loving arms me never clasp
Beside the river?

All night alone I cannot live:
A goodly wooer, Let Lord me give
To say he loves me:
Beside the river.

The house seems dark where my days are spent:
If only a man in pity bent
Now came to love me!
Beside the river.

Within his form, Love plant your dart!
My budding breasts will win his heart
To bear his burden:
Beside the river.

How sweet his manly chest to deck
And paint my bead-encircled neck
With sandal's freshness!
Beside the river.

He'll place a jewel on my brow!
Could I just change that jewel now
For his kissing lips?
Beside the river.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE*

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* © Sudhin N. Ghose, 1961

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE HISTORY AND RELIGION OF ISRAEL*

PROFESSOR KAUFMANN'S study on the *Religion of Israel* and Professor Noth's *History of Israel* may seem strange bedfellows to be put into the same review. Kaufmann's book is an abridged translation by Moshe Greenberg of a much longer study in eight volumes which, because of being written in Hebrew, has been largely inaccessible to most readers interested in the subject.

Dr. Greenberg, in condensing the original, has selected only the material relevant to the history and character of Hebrew religion. He has included, however, a fairly thorough section dealing with Professor Kaufmann's attitude to the source criticism of the Pentateuch, especially, it appears, because the author, although adopting the by now traditional division of the pentateuchal books into what were originally separate sources, disagrees with Julius Wellhausen's dating of the so-called Priestly Code (P) as belonging to post-exilic times; in other words, whereas Wellhausen thought that P was later than Deuteronomy (D), Kaufmann seeks to demonstrate that all the sources of the Pentateuch are pre-exilic, and that P is earlier, not later, than D. This point is dealt with in the chapter headed "The Antiquity of the Priestly Code" on pp. 175-200, and, although perhaps not entirely convincing in all details, this particular part deserves special mention because it contains a number of acute observations which ought to be considered in the debate about the respective datings of P and D.

Some readers may find other parts of Kaufmann's book less interesting. The author says in the introduction that the publication of his book "is not undertaken in an apologetic spirit and in the hope of restoring tradition to its lost eminence." But the impression one builds up during a thoughtful scrutiny, especially of the initial part of the book, is that the author is decidedly reactionary in his main themes, at the same time as he is driven to positions which neither he nor anyone else is able to defend in a scholarly manner. In describing what to Kaufmann's mind is the specifically Jewish achievement, the belief in one God, we are asked to believe, in spite of the clear evidence to the contrary in the Old Testament, that the monotheistic religion was a popular conviction embraced, not only by Moses and his entourage, but by the whole people — and that it stayed such right through the history of Israel. By insisting that the high ideals of Hebrew religion were popular, Kaufmann labours a point which is not only contrary to common sense, but which forces him either to reject the biblical evidence wantonly and unmethodically, or to reinterpret it so as to fit his theory. He reaches the conclusion that the biblical writers exaggerate when they allude to the apostasy of Israel after the settlement in Palestine, and argues that there was no backsliding on the part of the people, no belief by them in the existence of other gods, and no contamination of the Yahweh cult of any kind

* *The History of Israel.* By MARTIN NOTH. (Adam and Charles Black, London. ix+487 pp. Second revised edition, 1960. 42*s.*): *The Religion of Israel: From its Beginnings to the Babylonian Exile.* By YEHEZKEL KAUFMANN. Translated and abridged by MOSHE GREENBERG. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. xii+486 pp. 1961. 42*s.*)

whatever from Canaanite or other pagan sources.

Kaufmann is convinced that the monotheistic faith was the outstanding achievement of the Jewish people as a whole; but it is extraordinary to find that he, in his reaction against Wellhausen's emphasis on the eighth-century prophets as representing the climax of Hebrew religion, is driven to what is really an ultra-critical position concerning the trustworthiness even of contemporary biblical sources. Professor Kaufmann is, of course, entitled to reject the results of the so-called Scandinavian school, according to which patterns of cult discernible elsewhere in the surrounding cultures of the ancient world — and anthropological studies generally — must be decisive for our understanding of Ancient Israel and for our interpretation of the Old Testament. But his substitute is a poor one, particularly because he exaggerates the difference between Israelite and other religions and underestimates the paganizing influence upon Hebrew popular religion, of which we have direct, explicit and indisputable evidence in the Old Testament. No responsible historian would argue that there was no Canaanite influence upon popular Israelite religion during the reigns of David and Solomon simply because our sources do not mention any; and yet this is Kaufmann's point. He also maintains that the fact that the historical books do not mention the social injustice and religious decay, which Amos and Isaiah so vigorously denounce, shows that eighth-century Israel was not corrupt, either religiously, morally or otherwise. This way of arguing is preposterous. Critical scholarship is a good thing if checked and guided by method and sound judgment; but Kaufmann's occasional flashes of insight cannot make up for the many untenable contentions and glaring inconsistencies which mar his book as a whole.

Professor Noth approaches his subject in a very different manner. His is a scholarly work of the first quality, in the sense that he rigorously and consistently brings the principles of modern historical research to bear on the treatment of his source material, which, in this case, always has been and always will be — primarily at least — the Old Testament (apart, of course, from the three hundred years or so preceding the revolt of Bar-Cocheba in 135 A.D., for information of which we have to rely predominantly on non-biblical sources). Noth is of the opinion that the historical value of the traditions dealing with the history of Israel before the "Settlement" is only slight because that whole material circulated orally for many centuries before it reached its final form — which cannot have happened, in the case of any of the "sources," before the formation of the state of Israel and the establishment of the monarchy. Noth's main interest, as far as the traditions dealing with the very early period before the "Conquest" are concerned, is therefore mainly a literary one: he is interested in the growth of the literature rather than in the historical information it may contain. His reconstruction of the invasion of Palestine by the Israelite tribes is typical of his highly critical attitude to the verisimilitude of the biblical narrative dealing with this: the "Conquest" did not happen, as the Old Testament would have us believe, as the result of a few decisive, warlike campaigns of the united people under the leadership of Joshua, but was the result of a long, slow, peaceful process of infiltration of the various tribes, either separately or in smaller tribal organizations. "Israel" became a historical entity only on Palestinian soil. Scholarly opinion may, of course, be allowed to vary on these and many other points on which Noth takes up a

somewhat radical position; but there can be no doubt that the Bonn professor has written a brilliant, erudite and fascinating History of Israel from the earliest times to the end in the second century of the Christian Era, with full discussion of the bearing of the relevant archæological discoveries upon the subject. And although his book is not primarily a history of the religion of Israel he has much to say on that score because of the fusion of the religious and secular history of Israel.

P. WERNBERG-MÖLLER

"LOGICAL POSITIVISM"*

NO OTHER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY has been subjected to so unbalanced and unmerited disparagement, based on such colossal ignorance, as logical positivism, and particularly so in this country. There is no doubt that the early enthusiasts of this school are to be regarded as being partly responsible for such a state of affairs. It is in the fitness of things, therefore, that Professor Ayer, whose *Language, Truth and Logic* (first edition, 1936) did so much to popularize logical positivism amongst the English-speaking peoples, and also at the same time in no small measure contributed to fostering much misunderstanding about the real teachings of the school, should have brought together these representative essays in the present volume. The wide variety of these essays and the wide divergence of the views expressed by their authors should provide a lesson both to the enthusiasts and to the hasty critics of the school: to both, for both would find it a hard job to single out just those common tenets which they would like either to applaud or to disparage!

As an example of the wide divergence of views, consider the very central question about the nature and function of philosophy itself. While Schlick, the founder of the Vienna circle, regards philosophy as the activity — not a doctrine or a science — of clarifying the meanings of statements, and is willing even to restore to it the traditional dignity of being the queen amongst the sciences (p. 56), Wittgenstein ascribes to it the merely negative task of freeing intelligence from bewitchment by language ("to show the fly the way out of the fly bottle"). While Carnap regards logical analysis as the only method left for philosophy (p. 77), Russell would have "logical analysis followed by logical synthesis," leading to comprehensive hypotheses as to the nature of the universe (p. 47). While for Ramsey (p. 321) philosophy should aim at definitions (compare the task of the Navya Nyāya in India), for Waismann "at the living centre of every philosophy there is a vision" (p. 380). And finally when Ryle tells us that "like a geographical survey a philosophical survey is necessarily synoptic," the traditionalists might well console themselves that the age of systems is *not* all over! Over and above these there is of course the well-known opposition between the ordinary-language school and the ideal-language school, not to speak of the various intermediate shades of standpoints; and there is further the large controversy about the nature of meaning ranging from the early verification and picture theories (Hempel's classic account of these is happily included in this anthology) to the later

* *Logical Positivism.* Edited by A. J. AYER. (The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. 455 pp. 1959.)

theory that meaning is "use"! The fact is, logical positivism is a movement, not a school, and like all movements it has gone beyond itself, so that strictly speaking *it* is now a thing of the past, though its influences are discernible all around.

Even amongst the early adherents of the empiricist criterion of meaning, there is already noticeable a major gap separating those like Schlick who believed in elementary statements and those like Carnap and Neurath who discarded that conception. The latter group were then led to a sort of syntactical coherence theory of truth and to deny the possibility of finding out any set of absolutely infallible basic propositions. Schlick, on the other hand, in his essay "The Foundation of Knowledge," rightly points out (p. 217) that what distinguishes the genuine basic statements is not mere "economic purposiveness" but their origin and their absolute finality: "They are really the absolute fixed points; it gives us joy to reach them, even if we cannot stand upon them" (p. 223). The "confirmations," according to Schlick, are such that to grasp their meaning is at the same time to grasp their truth (a property which they share with the analytic statements!). Ayer chooses a middle course and holds that "the forms of basic propositions depend partly indeed upon linguistic conventions but partly also upon the nature of the given" (p. 238). But he finds himself in great difficulties when he comes to tackle the question, "What is the precise relation between basic propositions and the experiences that verify them?" The relation is not one of picturing, nor is it an identity of structure, nor is it simply one of causation. Ayer is good in demolishing these theories, as he always is in destroying. But consider his own positive answer:—

> But how do I know that I am angry? I feel it.... How do I know that this is a red patch? I see it. If this answer is not regarded as satisfactory, I do not know what other can be given. (p. 242)

Why then did the philosophers, including Ayer himself, make such a fuss about so trivial a matter?

Ayer has also interesting remarks (p. 242-3) as to the exact sense in which the basic propositions could be regarded as infallible, and distinguishes three such senses: in the first sense (attributed to Price) "our reasons for accepting them are found in our experience"; in the second sense (attributed to von Juhos) once a basic proposition is accepted it cannot subsequently be denied or doubted; and finally (we are told, according to Moore) we can be mistaken about them only in the sense of lying or wrongly using the words. Ayer accepts the first sense, though he finds it strange; rejects the second, for in that sense every proposition with a demonstrative is incorrigible but also regards Moore as right though he is not sure of the importance of this sort of incorrigibility.

It is heartening to think that the physicalism which was associated with early logical positivism and which is represented in this anthology by two essays, one by Carnap ("Psychology in Physical Language") and another by Neurath ("Sociology and Physicalism"), is dying out. And it is equally satisfying to read the following note Professor Hempel (which I quote in full) appended to his well-known essay "The Empiricist Criterion of Meaning" which was first published many years ago:—

> A closer study of this point suggests strongly that, much like the analytic-synthetic distinction, the idea of cognitive significance, with its suggestion of a sharp distinction between significant and non-significant sentences or systems of such, has lost its promise and

fertility as an explicandum, and that it had better be replaced by certain concepts which admit of differences in degree. (p. 129)

This, taken together with Waismann's more articulately formulated conception of language-strata and of levels of verification (this essay of Waismann is unfortunately not included in the present anthology), is a reminder that the very notion of a criterion of significance is absurd and uncalled for, and with this the main basis of logical positivism collapses though the stimulus it has provided for analytic thinking will continue to be felt by philosophers for many decades to come.

J. N. MOHANTY

The Ethical Dilemma of Science and Other Writings. By A. V. HILL. (The Rockefeller Institute Press, in association with Oxford University Press, New York. xiv+398 pp. 1960. $7.50)

This is a collection of writings of Professor A. V. Hill, C.H., O.B.E., F.R.S., Nobel Prizeman, on a variety of topics. The author is a leading figure in science, and especially in physiology, in the world today. He received the Nobel Prize in Physiology and Medicine in 1922. He was Research Professor of the Royal Society at University College, London, from 1926 to 1951, and is now Honorary Research Associate there. He belongs to that eminent group of British Physiologists, composed of men like Sir Michael Foster, E. H. Starling, J. N. Langley, Joseph Barcroft, Sir Edward Sharpey Schafer, Sir C. Sherrington, Lord Adrian, and others, who by their pioneering efforts and brilliant contributions have brought Physiology to a high level of development. During the Second World War he came to India in 1943, when he was Secretary of the Royal Society and Member of Parliament for Cambridge.

I have the honour to be an old student of Professor A. V. Hill at Cambridge, when he was on the teaching staff of the University Department of Physiology there. During his visit to India in 1943 and 1944, I again had the privilege of coming in close contact with him.

"The Ethical Dilemma of Science" was the title of his Presidential Address delivered at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held in Belfast in 1952. Although the book also contains articles on diverse subjects, there are, as the author says, common motives, hopes and feelings, which can be recognized in many of them. Professor Hill gives interesting accounts of certain celebrated persons, such as Bertrand Hopkinson, Ivan P. Pavlov, E. D. Adrian, Joseph Barcroft, Sir Henry Dale, August Krogh and others.

The portion under "Science in the Commonwealth" is of special interest to us in India as it contains five Addresses, delivered by him in India and England in 1944, which have a special bearing on problems peculiar to this country.

Of the ethical dilemma of science, Professor Hill rightly says that

some kind of dilemma seems to be inherent in science, for every achievement, by its limitations, implies also a failure. The answer to a question generally raises a host of new questions, scientific, political, philosophical or ethical. At times, the dilemma becomes immensely practical, as when reduction in death from disease fails to be accompanied by increased production of food, or when technological developments for warfare are not comprehended by political or military leaders.

The way out of the dilemma is not easy. There is no doubt that science is immensely useful in curing disease and in prolonging and beautifying life. But

all knowledge, not scientific knowledge only, can be used for good or evil purposes. What is needed is a close bond between science and religion. As the author truly says:—

> The so-called conflict between science and religion is usually about words, too often the words of their unbalanced advocates: the reality lies somewhere in between. "Completeness and dignity," to use Tyndall's phrase, are brought to man by three main channels, first by the religious sentiment, and its embodiment in ethical principles: secondly by the influence of what is beautiful in nature, human personality or art; and thirdly by the pursuit of scientific truth, and its resolute use in improving human life.

These writings are most stimulating and instructive, and are a very welcome contribution to the literature which seeks to produce a lasting synthesis between science and the humanities.

S. L. BHATIA

What Vedanta Means to Me: A Symposium. Edited by JOHN YALE. (Doubleday and Co., New York. 215 pp. 1960, $3.95)

It may well be, as John Yale suggests in his Introduction, that this book proves to be a collection of writings of early religious pioneers. The contributors are all Westerners, and the implication is that the present marks the beginning of a new religious era in the West and that Vedanta has a significant rôle to play in the development of Western religious thought.

While the Christian religion, as at present organized, satisfies a few, and claims the allegiance of many more even though it does not satisfy them from every standpoint, there can be no denying that the vast majority of thinking and spiritually aspiring Westerners feel compelled to seek help elsewhere in establishing themselves in a "faith" or set of beliefs. They demand an approach to life's problems that is rational, psychologically sound, that is in accordance with modern conceptions of history and cosmology and with the discoveries of modern science, that offers an answer to the problem of evil and that provides a rationale of equitable social practice. To be completely helpful and effective, however, such a faith must also reveal to the Western aspirant the Christ he formerly failed to find; for this alone can heal the psychic wound inflicted by the forced turning away from tradition.

This book shows that Vedanta fulfils all these requirements. That man's nature is divine, that it is the aim of man's life to unfold the divine nature within him, and that this basic truth is universal — these universal spiritual principles, set out in clear detail in India's traditional thought are what is meant by Vedanta, which thus becomes "a chart of the spiritual realm" which all may use according to individual needs, inclinations, and the particular path to be followed. The personal stories of sixteen spiritual seekers gathered together in this symposium by the Vedanta Society of Southern California are thus of much wider significance than the Society itself. The object of this book is to show Vedanta not as just one more cult, but as the basic religion of mankind, for as it

> moves over the world, [as Gerald Heard says] it will tend to express its eternal and universal truth in the vernacular of the era in which it is conveying its message.

IRENE R. RAY

Early Buddhist Monachism. By SUKUMAR DUTT. (Asia Publishing House, London. x+172 pp. 1960. 35*s.*)

Dr. Sukumar Dutt's *Early Buddhist Monachism* was first published in 1924 and has long been out of print, but it remains the last word on the subject. This attractive but rather high-priced reissue will be welcomed alike by scholars and the general reader interested in Buddhism and monasticism.

Indian culture is composite, so that no true picture of it can be painted which ignores the contribution made by Buddhist monasticism during the first four centuries of the latter's growth on Indian soil. Much of the value of this book lies in Dr. Dutt's acknowledged mastery of the historical setting.

The author is particularly interesting when he traces the growth of the early Buddhist Sangha from one of the numerous small Parivrajaka communities of wandering non-Aryan *samaṇa* ascetics.

His chapters on the Pātimokkha, the development of the Buddhist coenobium, the internal polity of a Buddhist *Sangha* and the communal life to which it gave rise are of absorbing interest. Moreover he is the first person to point out the State-enforced character of the laws of the *Vinayapiṭaka.*

Through this maze of detail drawn from the literature of the *Vinaya* canon the common sense and humanity of the Buddha shine like a beacon.

Both Dr. Dutt and the publishers are to be congratulated on providing an Index and for the accuracy of their proof-reading.

G. J. YORKE

The Ascent of Life: A Philosophical Study of the Theory of Evolution. By T. A. GOUDGE. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 236 pp. 1961. 30*s.*)

This is a survey of current evolutionary theory by a professional logician. It is fully furnished with the best scientific thought on this subject, all of which (including the terminology) is put through an exhaustive logical test. This exposes the work to two dangers: it is unlikely to contribute anything new; also, it may weary with excessive logic-chopping and hair-splitting. To my mind, Professor Goudge falls into both these pitfalls. For instance, large sections of the work are devoted to proving the obvious, *e.g.*, his justification of the use of narrative explanations in evolutionary science; his evidence for the existence of metaphysical implications in evolutionary theory; his examination of the hypothesis that Man is the prevailing dominant type.

The work, in short, has the usual limitations of Western rationalism; for Professor Goudge, though he maintains that, as a metaphysician, he is not bound by the strict empiricism of the scientist, is a materialist nevertheless. Life has no ultimate meaning: "The course of pre-human evolution is neither purposeful nor purposeless." "Biological evolution is progressive" but not in any "evaluative" sense.

Like all rationalists, the Professor will not concede that existential revelation has real importance. Thus, he hesitantly admits:—

> It is *as if* the process [of evolution] had just begun, through the medium of the human mind, to emerge from unconsciousness to a dawning consciousness of itself.

But he will not commit himself further.

On the whole, while the book is a good mental exercise, I would not list it as "recommended reading" for ARYAN PATH subscribers.

MICHAEL BYROM

The Tragedy of Apartheid: A Journalist's Experiences in the South African Riots. By NORMAN PHILLIPS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 217 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 18*s*.)

Like all journalism, this indictment of apartheid by a Canadian newspaperman of repute has to some extent been overtaken by events. But its quality is shown in Mr. Phillips's intelligent anticipation of many subsequent developments since he arrived in South Africa to investigate the Sharpeville shooting in March 1960.

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers, he notes, had tried persuasion with South Africa — and failed. Now South Africa, sensing a new hardening against her, has withdrawn from the Commonwealth club of her own volition. How far was this hardening cemented by the adamant attitude of Mr. Diefenbaker in support of his African and Asian colleagues? And how far was Mr. Diefenbaker's determination hardened by the treatment of Mr. Phillips, who was held in jail for three days without charge or trial for reporting the truth about South African "police state"?

Since then, the wind of change has blown even colder for South Africa. Britain has at last brought herself to cast a vote against apartheid in the United Nations. The four-year's farce of the treason trial has ended. Opposition from the churches has strengthened — even twelve ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, Mr. Phillips reports, having privately expressed doubts about the "spiritual" justification for apartheid.

Perhaps Norman Phillips's most interesting comments concern the African leaders. He was profoundly impressed by the statesmanship of Chief Luthuli, President of the African National Congress, and hardly less so by the youthful leadership of the more radical Pan-African Congress — notably Robert Sobukwe and Philip Kgosana. All these men are dedicated to absolute non-violence. But how much longer, in the face of continued oppression, will they be able to hold their followers to this principle? The onus is on the white man rather than the black, and Mr. Phillips offers the racialists their own epitaph: "in trying to curb black nationalism by force, they sped the growth of what they feared most."

MARGARET TIMS

The English Prisons: Their Past and Their Future. By D. L. HOWARD. (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. xv+174 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 21*s*.)

It is a curious fact that although there is an extensive literature about prisons, no brief general history of their development exists. There is the Webbs' monumental history of the prisons under local government, there are many contemporary accounts of individual prisons and prison conditions and there are general books on prisons or on penal methods that give a short historical *résumé*; but, until Mr. Howard took the matter in hand, none had attempted to handle the mass of information and produce a history for the general reader. The aim of the book is definitely to be a work of original research.

A history of prisons cannot make wholly pleasant reading. To a great extent it is a story of cruelty and of a neglect that caused little less suffering than did the deliberate infliction of pain. The most tragic aspect of it is that more than once the worst suffering was caused by the best of intentions as when the Quakers introduced solitary confinement in the honest conviction that it gave the best hope of

bringing the offender to see the light and to amend his ways. But, even apart from this, many of the worst rigours of our nineteenth-century prisons were based on a genuine belief in their deterrent value. It is true that the desire to wreak vengeance upon those who prey on society can all too easily camouflage itself and march without conscious hypocrisy under the banner of deterrence; nevertheless the apparent simple logic of the view that severe punishment is certain to prevent crime provides now, as in the past, one of the greatest barriers in the way of the development or a rational system of treating the lawbreaker. Mr. Howard seems not to have given full weight to this real difficulty, which we are unlikely wholly to overcome till mankind becomes wiser as well as more humane.

The last two chapters of the book deal with present-day problems and future developments. Mr. Howard worked for a time as a prison Education Officer and one feels that it is this latter part of the book that is nearest to his heart. It must be admitted that his writing in the earlier chapters is somewhat pedestrian and lacks the vitality of his life of John Howard. In the last part it becomes more alive.

It is of course impossible to deal thoroughly with present-day prison problems in the short space Mr. Howard is able to give to them. Nevertheless he makes some interesting and stimulating points which are not likely to be already familiar to the general reader. He stresses, for example, how strong the sense of community is amongst the prisoners. Their only source of continual social approval must come from their fellow inmates, and this is based on a very different sense of values from that of Society at large. As a result "at the time when training can be attempted they are least able to accept it." This is something that prison administrators are only slowly beginning to realize.

This book is not without its shortcomings, but it fills a long-felt want and one is grateful to Mr. Howard for undertaking the task.

W. A. Elkin

The Arab Revival. By Francesco Gabrieli. Translated from the Italian by Lovett F. Edwards. (The Great Revolutions Series. Thames and Hudson, London. 178 pp. Maps. 1961. 18*s.*)

This is an excellent book and, read in conjunction with the *Arab Awakening* of George Antonius, brings the story up to date. It is a pleasure to read so objective, accurate and profound a study of the Arab revival. Many books on the Near and Middle East have been published of recent years: few have given the facts so fairly and temperately.

The first chapter describes "the glorious past" of the Arabs, and also suggests the causes of their decline from power. The author considers that amongst these the strain of adjusting themselves to an urban civilization was too great for an originally nomadic people. The rich patrimony of the past left them, however, with a consciousness which lies at the root of the present revival.

Then follows the story of Turkish conquests and of a long period of subordination, which ended when the Arab lands were liberated by the allied armies in the First World War. It was then that they were able to develop ideas of independence and nationality, already imbibed in some measure from the West.

In a short review it is impossible to do justice to the able analysis of the factors, historical and social, which during the six decades of the twentieth century have produced the present situa-

tion in the Arab world. It is heartening, however, to read Professor Gabrieli's tribute to the work, both economic and social, of the Western powers in these countries during their period of tutelage. He points out, moreover, that much of the Arab revival has been induced by the very influences which they now so clamorously reject.

The account given of recent events is accurate and balanced, and the final chapter has some interesting speculations on the contradictions and tensions which arise between a Marxist philosophy and Islam and nationalism.

There is one point, however, on which your reviewer would join issue. On p. 167 he repeats the often made criticism that the West, and the U.S.A., supported the ruling classes rather than made friends with the disinherited masses. But, surely, once countries become independent, other countries, through their missions, can only deal with whatever is the *de jure* or *de facto* government in power. It is no part of their duty to interfere, unless directly requested, in the social and internal problems of states, and especially of those which have consistently and violently claimed control of their own affairs.

There is a small error of fact on p. 133: the Ismailia incident was in January, not December, 1952. And surely "minor skirmish" on p. 39 is the wrong description for the engagement at Tel el Kebir in 1882. But that may be a translator's error. The volume is well produced and easy to read.

J. H.

The Genius of the Irish Theatre. Edited by SYLVAN BARNET, MORTON BERMAN and WILLIAM BURTO. (The New American Library, New York. 366 pp. 1960. 75 cents)

The Irish genius has a surprising propensity to throw up outstanding dramatists from time to time: Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Shaw, J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Sean O'Casey; and perhaps we should add to the number Eugene O'Neill, although he was an American, and Samuel Beckett, although his *Waiting for Godot* was first presented in French. Is it not strange that the Irish dramatic genius should have flourished best *outside* Ireland? Is the Irish theatre, then, no more than an imaginary sum of the work of the Irish dramatists who have had their plays produced at London, Edinburgh, Paris, New York? In the present volume, seven plays and five essays are assembled together so as to give a glimpse of the authentic Irish Theatre — its origins, its hopes, its achievements. It was when Lady Gregory met W. B. Yeats in London in 1898 that the idea of an Irish school of drama was first mooted. Later in the year, they issued their manifesto, affirming their desire to "build up a Celtic and Irish School of dramatic literature." Presently the Irish Literary Theatre was born, and after two or three years the Irish National Theatre Society came into existence with Yeats as President. The generosity of Miss A. E. F. Horniman gave the Society a Theatre of its own in Dublin — the now famous Abbey, which opened on December 27th, 1904. Here at last was a rallying point for Irish dramatists, and the Yeats brothers, Lady Gregory, Synge, Shaw, O'Casey and Frank O'Connor were among those who had some of their best plays presented at the Abbey. In affairs of culture, alas! nothing ultimately fails as success: and Yeats himself once admitted that the very success of the Abbey was also the measure of its failure to live up to the

ideal of its sponsors. Pressure from the "rabble" on the one hand, and from the political fanatics on the other, could easily stifle the "still, small voice" of the creative dramatic artist. Nevertheless, the Abbey weathered vicissitudes of various kinds till it was burnt down by fire in 1951.

In this volume there are well-known plays like Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island,* Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* Lady Gregory's *The Canavans,* O'Casey's *Purple Dust* and W. B. Yeats's *The Words upon the Window Pane.* Jack B. Yeats's *La La Noo* is rather less known, but comes to us with what may be called a "modernist" note. It has been aptly described as the dramatization of "the chances and irrelevances of life which are the substance of life," and the play provokes comparison with the work of Ionesco and Beckett. The characters have the striking yet impersonal quality of groups that gather in public places — a tavern, a railway station, a street-corner — and the talk is like a played segment of an unending recorded tape. In Frank O'Connor's *In the Train,* on the contrary, the centre of the static action is the woman, Helena Maguire — an Irish peasant version of Thérèse Desqueyroux in François Mauriac's novel. Tried on a charge of murdering her husband, Helena is acquitted, and she returns to her village in a train along with some of the witnesses for the prosecution and the defence, and some of the villagers: all think and talk about the trial that is over, the Judge's summing-up is recapitulated in part, and Helena's spiritual and moral isolation is vividly brought out. It is a sheer triumph of technique.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Brave Men Choose. By Garth Lean. (Blandford Press, London. xvi+208 pp. 1961. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Mankind has now reached the critical point of evolution where it must either unite or perish. It may unite, through the application of external force, into a kind of global termitary pursuing a limited objective (say industrial expansion and space travel) with the individual reduced to a cog in the machine; or it may develop from within, through finding a common moral-spiritual centre transcending parties, classes, nationalities, creeds and ideologies, into a world society with an unlimited variety of ends and an unlimited expansion of the personality of its members.

This collection of the biographies of men who have found that centre comes therefore at a very timely moment. Its theme calls for a difficult combination — that of the moralist and the man of the Spirit. The latter trusts to the wind of the Spirit to cleanse the Augean stables, while the moralist condemns and exhorts, creating more heat than light (he sees connections which are not there and fails to see those which are), darkening the heavens with his frown and generally obstructing the Spirit. The Introduction may show the writer as a moralist whose solution for all our global problems is a firm stand against *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the relaxation of the divorce and homosexual laws, but it is followed by the sober yet fascinating stories of the lives of men who chose big causes because they had big minds and brave causes; because the Spirit made their hearts commensurate with their minds. Each is an objective study of the application of eternity to issues of the moment; each points the way to a new kind of biography, one which will do for the lives of others what Saint Augustine

tried to do for his own life in his *Confessions*. But the biographer must have made the same choice as his subjects. Mr. Lean obviously has, and in his Epilogue he points to others who are now making it in relation to our world problems.

PHILIP LEON

The Story of Education for All. By S. C. SARKAR. (Modern Book Agency, Calcutta. 272 pp. 1960. Rs. 8.00)

This book is a useful compilation of great value to teachers and educationists. It gives accounts of the theories of education and the achievements of some of the greatest philosophers and practical teachers of mankind. Beginning with Plato and Aristotle, and coming down through the Roman, mediæval and modern periods, the survey ends with the works of three of the greatest architects of the Indian Renaissance — Vivekananda, Tagore and Gandhi.

An able biographical sketch of each thinker and a clear account of his permanent contribution are given. The great educational reformers of the modern period such as Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel and Montessori are adequately dealt with. The book reaches its climax in the last chapters, in which the spiritual dynamism of Swami Vivekananda, which makes education the tool for the manifestation of the divinity latent in man; the concept of education as a liberating force expounded in the life and practice of Tagore; and the transformation of education into a moral tool for the perfection of character by Gandhiji are all enthusiastically expounded.

This book will prove a valuable addition to the equipment of teachers and laymen alike by its ennobling and enlivening subject-matter.

D. GURUMURTI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** gives us an interesting causerie on the Paris theatre season.—ED.]

WHEN André Malraux undertook to reorganize the Comédie Française he reproved many doubting *literati* about the greatness of Victor Hugo as a dramatist. It is for this reason that there was, three years ago, an elaborate staging of Hugo's first, and one might say, worst, play, *Cromwell,* presented in a version edited by Cocteau, in the courtyard of the Louvre. Although the play was written in 1828 no one really thought it was stageworthy. The traditional opinion, in this case, proved right, for *Cromwell,* composed in youthful and grandiose imitation of Shakespeare's chronicle plays, emerged as an unwieldy and suffocating piece.

Ruy Blas was the next play to be tried. This has been rightly restored to the repertory of the House of Molière. Now, a new play, *Mille Francs de Récompense,* a melodrama written in 1886, is being shown at the Ambigu. The event is one that is much to be welcomed. The play has a quaint old-fashioned touch about it, but it is both charming and eminently actable. There is in it a *mélange* of Rousseauism and Romanticism; philosophically, it is plain Hugo, even though it is different from

the dramatic point of view. It is not rhetorical in the sense that *Ruy Blas* and *Le Roi S'Amuse* are rhetorical, and it is not in verse.

Glapieu, a noble vagabond, recalling Jean Valjean, solves the many complicated problems of a genteel bourgeois family at the end of its financial tether. The invention of plot and character seems inexhaustible and crowds the four acts. The wicked villain, Rousseline, who pursues the heroine and threatens to auction all the belongings of the harassed, helpless family, is exposed as a scoundrel in the last act. All, as may be gathered, ends happily with the faithful and courageous lovers united and the good-humoured vagabond receiving thanks from every side.

The theatre season is still in full swing. I have seen many superb productions: Helen Hayes in Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie*; Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*; and the "Importance of Being Oscar" or Michael MacLiammoir's readings from Oscar Wilde's biography. These readings were utterly beautiful and poignant. Frank Harris was right when he said that Oscar Wilde's greatest play was his own life. "It was a five-act tragedy with Greek implications and he was its most ardent spectator." The resonance of the actor's voice, his control and power, are quite astounding. One minute he is the lily-bearing æsthete visiting the mines of the American West; next at the New York Customs ("Have you anything to declare? I have nothing to declare except my genius"); then Lord Goring meditating over his *boutonnière*; next Dorian Gray; to say nothing of passages from the original *Salome* which Wilde first wrote in French.

But nothing is more moving than the reading of *De Profundis,* which touches because of its great sincerity. But Wilde played his many rôles, each rôle being different. He deeply felt each mood at the time, but he was never consistent. There was the bland or jovial Wilde and also the Wilde whose scorn was bitter.

I recall Chesterton's saying: I know there may have been laughter on the secret face of God when Wilde, as he lay dying, remarked that when the trumpet of the Last Judgment sounded he would pretend not to hear. There is no sense of cowardliness in this. The coward cannot laugh, for fear dwells upon his lips; Wilde's laughter rings out even in the teeth of Death.

BALDOON DHINGRA

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my use, not luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hands, not art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

—ABRAHAM COWLEY

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"——————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The list of Sponsors of the Conference to establish a World Peace Brigade is an impressive one:—

India: Asha Devi Aryanayakam, Vinoba Bhave, Jayaprakash Narayan, G. Ramachandran; *Japan*: Iwai Ayusawa; *Israel*: Martin Buber; *Madagascar*: Dr. Ratsimamonga; *N. Rhodesia*: Kenneth Kaunda; *Tanganyika*: Julius Nyere; *South Africa*: Alan Paton; *Denmark*: Bernhardt Jensen; *France*: Abbé Pierre, Lanza del Vasto; *W. Germany*: Martin Niemoller; *Sicily*: Danilo Dolci; *Switzerland*: Edmond Privat; *Yugoslavia*: Tibor Sekelj; *Gt. Britain*: Horace Alexander, Bertrand Russell; *U.S.A.*: Richard Gregg, Martin Luther King, A. J. Muste, Clarence Pickett; *Brazil*: Hosie de Castro.

The Preparatory Committee comprise Ernest Bader, Anthony Brooke, Stuart Morris, Michael Randle, Duncan Campbell, Bayard Rustin and Frienda Bacon, with Michael Scoot as Chairman, Arlo Tatum as Secretary and Donald Groom as Treasurer. The Conference is being planned for December 28th, 1961 - January 1st, 1962, at Friends High School, Brummana, near Beirut, Lebanon. It is intended that volunteer workers in the Brigade will be prepared to go wherever they can best be of service, using the principles of non-violence. It is proposed that the first effort might be in connection with the UN delegation of the special committee on South Africa. With all the wealth of vision, plus practical experience, embodied in the above international figures, something surely can be achieved.

Christopher Mayhew, in a valuable series of articles on crime and the treatment of criminals, in the London *Observer* (June 18th, 1961, and onwards) declares his conviction that "the major characteristic of offenders" is emotional immaturity. This conclusion comes from months of investigation, visits to prisons, Borstals, etc., and interviews with experts of all kinds.

The survey has shown the fallacy of the belief that poverty, starvation or unemployment causes crime. Neither is it due to mental disorder or low intelligence. Mayhew compares the emotional immaturity of the offender to that of young children: "they lack self-control, consideration for others, and any effective feelings of right and wrong." [Some would prefer to call this moral-emotional, but, in any case, it differs from mental and physical development.] Mayhew considers broken homes or parental inadequacy definite factors in such emotional retardment, and raises the question of self-responsibility in such cases. We do not blame a person whose *mental* age is five. If a criminal's *emotional* age is five, can his intellect (though it may mentally perceive a thing as "wrong") control his behaviour? Despite an immense variety of types of detention, probation is as effective in results, and any difference in the degree of success seems due to the prisoner rather than to the treatment. This suggests that sentences should be fitted to the criminal rather than to the crime, just as the mentally backward, though legally innocent, are detained for their own and society's sake, until their condition improves.

No amount of severity will affect the inability of the criminal "to foresee and weigh up the results of his actions or to control his impulses." Equally, naïve, sentimental ideas of redeeming him by kindness, as though he were normal, have no effect. We need "ways of preventing or remedying the dangerous immaturity."

There are various suggestions for treatment: making prisons or Borstals self-supporting "factories"; improving the police and the probation service, after-care, pre-release hostels, training centres, etc. These do not really touch, however, "the personality weakness" which is made worse by the circumstances of our "acquisitive society," and by the activities of those who thrive on and encourage human weaknesses. What will alone check crime is "firmer moral training of children by their parents . . . reinforced by a vastly improved moral climate in society as a whole." Later articles by an American expert consider what is being done in Russia, Scandinavia and the U.S.A., but the moral question still remains the basic one. It is not enough to say to people that they should be "good." They need some undogmatic reason why human nature can only find lasting satisfaction in such good, and they need example. No one can live to himself alone.

In the *International Philosophical Quarterly* (Vol. I, No. 2), May 1961, in the opening article, Anthony Nemetz examines the extent to which the insights of philosophers are conditioned by the mode of speech which is provided by their cultural surroundings. Whenever there is a departure from the bounds of the cultural background, there results a "philosophic sectarianism."

> Philosophy without cultural direction is empty; but without philosophy cultural commitments are blind. . . .
>
> If we are to share in the insights of past philosophers we must not only translate his insight out of the cultural idiom in which it was set but must also consider the insight in terms of the cultural commitment which made possible its discovery.

The main contention is that

> philosophy as an intellectual activity is necessarily seen in the image of some one or more cultural principles which are extra-philosophical. . . . There is a sense in which the culture taken as a whole does in effect set the limits in which philosophizing takes place.

The philosophy of Plato in ancient Greece, Empiricism in eighteenth-century England, and Pragmatism in the U.S.A. are examples of this principle.

Anthony Nemetz offers valuable comments on what he calls "the atrophy of concern with philosophy" in modern life. One reason is the ever-growing demand for specialization in minute branches of study. Rigour and precision have become the watchwords of achievement to the modern scientific temper:—

> The philosophic preoccupation with precision, especially linguistic precision, has contributed to the decline of the social regard for the utility of philosophy.

As Dr. Radhakrishnan has put it, philosophy has become less and less of an insight and more and more the possession of a specialized technique. Anthony Nemetz observes:—

> The subject-matter prerogatives of philosophy remain undisputed but its insights tragically continue to be culturally unavailable. . . .
>
> It seems to me improbable, if not impossible, that philosophy can regain its social effectiveness and discharge its cultural obligation if it continues its prevailing form of discourse.

In an article on "Internationalism and Contemporary Spiritualist Philosophy" in the *International Philosophical Quarterly,* May 1961, the Italian thinker, Renato Lazzerini, formulates his own special interpretation of spiritualist philosophy. He defines spirit as self-consciousness and self-possession. Taking the act of knowing as the basis of analysis, he analyzes spirit to mean intentionality. The essence of spirit is intentional activity. This is the culmination of self-consciousness and self-possession. Knowing and having are inseparable though we can distinguish them in the spiritual act. The nature of spirit as intentionality expresses itself in free will.

Lazzerini develops out of this principle a metaphysical method which elucidates the idea of the Absolute. This method involves the knowledge of the other as one with knowledge of oneself.

Other philosophers have made their own interpretations. Bergson emphasized that the spiritual act is creative. For him, "Philosophy can only be an effort to transcend the human condition." According to Lazzerini,

> the intentional act is the very soul and savour of soul itself. It is that by which the soul expands and lays hold of being. . . . It is intentional activity which makes the spirit to be truly a spirit in its essence. . . . The expansion of our existence is to infinity, like a circumference whose radius is infinite.

The Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) of the United Nations is observing the present year 1961 as the World Seed Year to make the agriculturists of all nations fully conscious of the advantage of using improved seed to step up their output. This has special importance to the Indian farmer, as agricultural output in this country is among the lowest in comparison with advanced countries like the U.S.A., Japan and the north European states. The various factors involved in the use of improved seed, such as careful breeding of special varieties to suit different soils and climatic conditions, preparation of the soil, treatment of the seed, adequate storing and precautions against insect pests, skilful manuring, proper attention to the seedlings, watering the growing crop, harvesting in proper time — all these require skilled attention in order to ensure a good crop.

In fact, this process of agriculture has a remarkable bearing on the work of building up a cultured society. Human nature is the field with its raw material of instincts, impulses, feelings and passions. Preparation of the soil is the work of disciplining the human being by adequate exercise of the mind, body and emotional nature. The planting of the seed is the instilling of high ideals. Manuring and adding fertilizers consist in the reading of great books and coming into contact with great persons. Raising the crop is the gradual emergence of a cultivated society with self-control and consideration for others as its distinguishing marks, and the finished product is the Cultured Society, which is the goal of human endeavour.

In this sense all human beings are agriculturists by profession.

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